

See Next Society

# SATURDAY



# VISITOR.

E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHIEY.]

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain.

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. IV

CITY OF WARSAW, MISSOURI, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1848.

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### TERMS:

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Advertisements will be inserted at \$1 per square (of six lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. For one square 3 months, \$5—do for six months, \$8—do for 12 months, \$12 00.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3 00.

From McMillan's *World Courier*.

## IT IS NOT TOO LATE,

### OR

### WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

### A MORAL TALE.

BY REUBEN H. D. D.

"Yes, but two!—one hand and one eye!—the other narrow, and deserted—two roads through life, one of virtue and happiness—the other of vice, and leadeth to shame and woe! I have seen all that is to be seen in the broad highway of vice, and the who guarded the virtuous, and prospered the good, knoweth only how deeply I have drunk at the fountain of iniquity, and how intolerable are the pangs of remorse which that path has cost me. But I will turn. Come, what may in the shape of temptation, I'll be none more a victim than—'tis not too late!'"

These words, it whose expression every feeling of a tortured soul seemed employed, fell thrillingly upon my ear, as I traversed Chestnut street, one summer evening, on my way to Church. The voice, though tremulous with emotion, and shattered by disipation, could not be mistaken. I was charmed, as by a spell, to the spot where my footsteps were arrested by the first words, "Yes, but two!" of the solitary above, pronounced with so much energy.

Before me, leaning against the lintel of the door, in which he stood, with his eyes, open, beautiful, but now red-rimmed, and fastened upon me, turned toward me, and his hands, over which the mild rays of a June moon had cast a soft and silvery glow, was my *brother's* hand. I could not speak. Nor is any description adequate to convey a just estimate of my feelings. Poor Rollin! deeply indeed had he drunk at the well of iniquity, and vivid were the furrows by care and sorrow made upon his brow. Years had passed since last we met. During the early part of his abandoned career, he flitted with fearful eyes, and a bosom turbulent with emotion to my affectionate remembrance, but, by and by, grew restive under friendly rebuke, and finally avoided my society altogether. I had long since given him up as a lost, a ruined man, and had been for some time expecting to be called to see the last, sad end of his aged parents—their gray hairs brought in sorrow to the grave. But God had other wise ordained.

Rollin Gray was a young man of brilliant intellect and high literary and scientific attainments. His family was far, very far from reprobate. In early life we had been bosom friends, and he being the oldest and more advanced in our studies, it was my greatest happiness to be led by him in our intellectual exercises and amusements, and when he returned home from Harvard, worthily honored with the title of Doctor in Medicine, and I saw his society courted by the first men of letters in our place, I inwardly rejoiced, and anticipated the day when my friend's name would be blazoned highest on the pillar of fame. His professional career was truly meteoric, in brilliancy and duration—"ended ere well begun." His was an ambitious nature, and could not support itself under disappointment in the smallest degree. At the suggestion of his friends, made at too late an hour for him to do himself justice in an essay, he entered the arena, and declared himself a candidate for a vacant chair, in one of our literary colleges. This was much against my advice, and earnest entreaties. None knew him as I did, and as certain as I felt assured of his defeat, as surely did I know that this, his first failure in mental effort, would prove his ruin. His competitor would be in the field many months, and had made many friends among the trustees of the institution. It was but twenty days before their respective essays were to be submitted to the commissioners or judges, appointed by the trustees; but he entered upon the discharge of the task allotted him, with invincible determination and energy;

studied and wrote day and night, until his eye lost its lustre, and his cheek became wan and pale. No man ever made a more lucid and eloquent exposition of his position and doctrine than did he; but alas! for mankind—their prejudices ever hold in abeyance that divine attribute of nature—reason.

The election came, and with it poor Rollin's last moment of happiness. One of his opponents, whom no one recognized as his equal, was chosen by a large majority of votes. His ambitious spirit was crushed within him, and his long cherished hopes and aspirations departed like the fleecy clouds of morning before the rising sun. I flew to his side. I entreated, remonstrated and conjured him by all the ties that bound us to each other, and finally by the obligations of my sacred office, which he much respected, but in vain. The sparkling, brimming bowl was in his grasp—madness in his eye—his motto, "Brutal when intellectual pleasure is denied."

But to return to the door. His soliloquy finished, and his determination taken, a smile, such as I had not seen for years, lighted up his pale and care-worn cheek. His eyes were withdrawn from the heavens, and his glance, now radiant with hope and the happiness of other days, fell full upon me. I was standing in the glare of the lamp upon his table, over which were scattered in confusion books and vials, and instruments, now rusty from neglect. It was but a glance, and with a wild cry of pleasure he threw himself upon my breast. This was a moment of ecstatic happiness with both of us. Neither could find utterance. Our hearts were full, too full for speech, and only their wily throbbing and our breathing, rendered audible from emotion, disturbed the silence of the scene. The first outbreak of feeling over, he turned his eyes to mine in enquiry, and simply articulated, "Where?" He could say no more. I essayed to speak, but my voice again died away, and, raising my finger pointed to the screen, but actually seen in the distance, where clear and sonorous bell was distinctly heard, summoning my little flock to worship.

"Come," said he; and only stopping to reach his hand from the table, and extinguish the lamp, we proceeded at a rapid pace toward the church. It was late when we arrived, and we walked straight up the middle aisle towards the pulpit, near which Rollin took a seat, and where I could distinctly see the expression of his countenance during the whole of the sermon. My heart was still full, and my feelings, as I proceeded with my discourse, were hardly to be contained by a strong effort, however I succeeded in calming myself sufficiently for the occasion. Upon turning over the Bible, to get the hymn book from beneath it, the lids, being loose from age, fell open, and there before my eyes were recorded the beautiful language of the prodigal son—"I will go to my father's house." It seemed an act of Providence, and my predilections were immediately excited in favor of it, although I had prepared a sermon with much care and study from a different text. My eyes frequently met his during the service, and his gaze was riveted upon me. He was very serious until I came to speak of the prodigal son, when his eye brightened up, and a glow of happiness usurped the reign of care upon his brow.

After the service was concluded, I walked to where he was standing, impatiently waiting for me. He put his arm through mine, and simply saying "Come," we moved on. He led and I followed. Our steps were hasty, and soon his father's house appeared in view. Upon seeing once more the scenes of his innocent boyhood, he burst into tears, and we almost ran toward the house. Arriving at the door, contrary to his solicitations, we parted—believing it best to leave the happy parents and redeemed son to themselves—and promised to see him at his office next morning. Mine was a sweet and tranquil sleep that night, and poor Rollin, if he slept at all, was not disturbed, I know, by a single dream.

At the hour of nine the next morning, I repaired to his office, as agreed upon, to hear an explanation of his complete and unlooked-for reformation. He was engaged in putting his office to rights, arranging his books, &c. His countenance was as very happy, and his step as firm and almost elastic as in former days. I was welcomed with great cordiality, and retiring to a back window, shaded by a beautiful rose tree in full bloom, and filling the apartment with its fragrance, we seated ourselves, and he commenced his story in the following words:

"About a week ago, I was returning one afternoon from a dinner party, given by one of our college friends, partially inebriated, and as I turned a sudden corner of the street, came full upon a party of ladies, consisting of an elderly matron and two young and very beautiful girls. They were strangers to me and appeared to be strangers in our place. The eyes of the one next the wall near which I was walking, met mine, and I bowed as well as my condition would permit. Upon this, she stopped, and turning round, opened her reticule, and with a sweet smile, and a glance which seemed to reach my very soul, presented me with a small newspaper, saying—

"Will the gentleman pardon the rudeness, and read this little journal for the ladies' sake?"

"I received with a bow, expressed my thanks, and assured her that I would. I was handsomely dressed, and flatter myself that I had the air and manner of a gentleman, although under the influence of ardent spirits. She seemed gratified, and they walked on. I was completely confounded, and could not forbear looking back at them. I never saw a more graceful figure or more dignified carriage, and her eye—it was as black as Egyptian darkness itself, and her smile so unearthly, so beautiful and benevolent. I wished to follow them, but dared not, and went to my office inwardly resolving to read the paper that very evening. I drew my chair to this very window, and unfolded the paper. It was a small but neatly printed journal, published weekly by the society called the 'Sons of Temperance.' I was somewhat prepared for this by the lady's manner, but was a little surprised notwithstanding. 'She must know me,' thought I, 'and this is not an act of a moment's reflection'—but my meditations were interrupted by seeing a long article marked around with a pencil, and entitled the 'Sister's Appeal.' It purported to be addressed to a beloved brother, who had thrown himself away by drink and was written by Miss Leslie."

"I immediately commenced its perusal, believing of course that it was written by the lady who gave me the paper. It was indeed, a sister's appeal, and elaborate must have been the heart of that brother, who could have with so gentle pleadings—yet the composition did not portray more fully the sympathies of the heart than the operations of a powerful and refined intellect; indeed, in all my reading, and I have not been limited, I never read a more conclusive argument, or a more delicate address. I was not only convinced in judgment of the error of my course of life, but urged by the now awakened impulses of my better nature, to immediate reformation. This may have been, and I doubt not was, in part, brought about by the dark eye and gentle smile of the fair writer herself. Indeed, I must own that I was most powerfully interested in her, satisfied as I was, that the loveliness of her person did not surpass the purity and beauty of her soul. Be this as it may, however, I determined to return to sobriety and sobriety, and, if possible, to put out and make acknowledgments to the beautiful being who had caused a change so unexpectedly to come over the spirit of my dream, and now evidently controlled my wayward destiny."

"Since then, I have been wandering about from place to place in the city in search of the residence of the fair incognito, until yesterday, when I despaired of ever meeting her again, and feeling that this world to me would be a desert waste without her presence, I feel as I was, I took myself to my old habits. This I should not have done, had not the editors told me, upon enquiring at the office, that they believed the writer of the *appeal* was a young married lady, a transient boarder at the 'Washington House,' and now on her way South, where she resided. About two or three hours before I saw you last night, I returned to my office, sick of the exhilarating effects of drink, and tired of the world. I was not intoxicated, though somewhat excited, and was seated at this window as we are now, thinking of the strange lady and her stranger conduct, brought me a copy of the *Journal* just issued. I seized and hurriedly ran my eyes over its contents, and there, occupying exactly the same position in the paper, of the same length and style, and marked around in pencil, was another article by 'Miss Leslie C\*\*\*\*\*,' entitled the 'Brother's Return and Sister's Forgiveness.' I instantly read it. The same power of thought presided over every syllable. The same benevolence of heart invested every word. I was enraptured, maddened, and at the same time partially soothed. I threw down the paper and walked to the door; twilight had just set in; the street was still, and nothing in the way of sound fell upon my ear but the harking of some distant watch-dog, and the gentle whispering of the evening breeze among the boughs of the tree above. Its lullaby calmed my mental, and its cool breath upon my cheek soothed my physical excitement, and I fell into a train of reflections, the result of which you know. As for the strange writer, I am convinced she lives in the city, and from some peculiar expressions in the last article, penned no doubt, without design, am satisfied she is unmarried, and with your assistance, will ferret her out."

"I promised him my aid, believing that the accomplishment of this object only would ensure his entire reformation, and leave matters to time and chance. In the propriety of this suggestion he concurred, and I had the happiness of seeing him take once more his accustomed station in society."

About a month after this, I happened to be looking over the list of contents of a number of one of our fashionable periodicals, and saw "An Angel's work," by Rollin Gray, M. D. I immediately turned to it. It occupied some dozen pages, and was in truth a masterly production. In power and depth of thought, in delicacy of taste and felicity of expression, it could not be excelled—it was Rollin himself. A stranger could not have detected any thing peculiar about it, but those acquainted with the circumstances and his own feelings would recognize it as a faithful narration of his experience for the last two months. I knew that it was written expressly to meet the eye of his fair incognito, and I felt really happy in entertaining the belief that when it did so, she could form no mean opinion of his merits as an author."

In the next number of the same periodical appeared "An Angel's Reward," by Miss L. C\*\*\*\*\*. I was in reply to Rollin's article, and although not surpassing, yet equalled it in excellence. It was quite complimentary to him."

Rollin could not deny now that the writer resided in the city, was highly worthy of his regard, and by some means intimately connected with his destiny. \*

About six months after the commencement of this correspondence through the columns of the periodical, I called at Rollin's office one evening for a prescription, being myself unwell. He was on a visit to a number of patients, but would be back in an hour, and I concluded, as I was not particularly engaged, to await his return."

In about an hour and a half he drew up at the door. As he walked into the room, I saw that he was considerably excited, and pleasantly so. Upon enquiring as to the cause of his humor, he remarked, with a smile, that he had related more stories than one to me at this window, and requested that I would sit down and hear another."

"This morning," said he, "I was just closing my door after me in order to visit a patient, living at some distance in the country, when a gentleman in a handsome buggy and two horses drove hurriedly up and enquired if I were a physician? I replied in the affirmative. 'Then jump in here,' says he, 'and let us drive on, for I want you in haste.' I was about declining, on the score of engagements, when a peculiar expression of his eye attracted my attention. I thought I must have seen him before, but could not recollect where. At any rate, it awakened in me a strange interest in his favor, and I obeyed. As we proceeded, he told me his name was Crampton. He had lately left Maryland, and moved with his family to Philadelphia, in order that his daughters, who were disposed to write, should avail themselves of the city libraries, and other advantages offered by the same—that one of them had been suddenly taken very ill, and without speedy relief he feared she must die. All this excited me painfully. I thought of the three ladies I had met in the street. I compared the strange author's name of *storia* with 'Crampton,'—it suited exactly. I could not be mistaken—it must be her name—and this her father—perhaps she herself sick!"

"On entering the room where the gentle sufferer lay, what were my feelings on seeing bending over the bed, and arranging her sister's pillow, my acquaintance of the street—my unknown correspondent! I was overwhelmed with excitement, but nerved myself for the interview. She turned, and her father introduced us. I stammered her name—made a most ridiculous attempt to bow, and came very near falling, so oppressive were my feelings. She recognized me—blushed deeply, seemed equally as much confused, and bowing gracefully, turned and left the room. I next met her mother, but she did not know me, nor did the young lady for whom I was to prescribe. This made me for the moment quite comfortable. It was with difficulty that I commanded my nervousness sufficiently to draw some blood from the arm. I did so, however, and prescribing a saline draught, with cooling topical applications to her face and neck, informed her parents that it was an attack of erysipelas, and that she would be very much relieved in the course of six or seven hours, and that I would, with their permission, leave her for the present."

"On my return this evening, as I was entering the portico, I heard a slight noise to the right of the door, and looking in

that direction, I beheld Miss Crampton, whom I now know her to be, seated on a bench, and engaged with a work on Botany, in analyzing a very delicate and beautiful flower. She had not observed my entrance, so much was she engaged, but just at that moment raised her eyes, and recognized me with another of her angelic smiles. An irresistible impulse took hold on my entire being—my feelings were beyond control. I threw myself at her feet, and made a full declaration of my attachment. She was taken completely by surprise, and violently excited, but succeeding in a strong effort at self-command, remarked to me that 'this was entirely unexpected on her part; that she could not deny that she was the young lady who had given me the paper—that had written the articles to which allusion was made, and that had corresponded with me in the periodical; that she did it solely to benefit me, and that she was most happy to see the success of her effort, but so far from contemplating a union with, she was most anxious to remain unknown to me and would have done so, had not accident thrown us together. I then asked her if she could not be induced to contemplate a union with me; told her that she had rescued my name from oblivion, and that I felt myself under sacred obligations to be forever near her to contribute to her happiness. I took her hand; it was passive in my grasp for a few moments, and then snatched away, and she was about rising, when I again urged upon her a consideration of the subject. She looked very serious for some time, but at length replied that she would lay the matter before her parents, and answer me in a few days. Our interview then ended—her sister is rapidly improving, and I am here."

Gentle reader, the balance of my story is soon told. About six months after this interview, I had the happiness of uniting two spirits in the holy bonds of wedlock that were unquestionably formed for each other, but which a useless and most destructive habit had well nigh separated forever. It turned out that Rollin and Miss Crampton had been schoolmates in early life, that they had been heard to call each other "sweetheart," and that their families had been very intimate, but that having been separated when very young, they had thought each other dead, and neither one knew the other when they met for the first time in the street. Mr. and Mrs. Gray lived to be united in friendship to their old friends, the Cramptons, once more, to see the consummation of their son's happiness and usefulness, and then departed in peace, blessing the great Giver of all good for bestowing on frail and gentle woman such mighty influence."

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FOREIGN NEWS.

## ARRIVAL OF THE NIAGARA.

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE FROM FRANCE!

Fifteen thousand Persons Slain—Death of the Arch Bishop of Paris—Changes in the Ministry—Triumph of the Government Forces, &c., &c.

Boston, July 12.

## FRANCE.

Lamarine rode through the streets with Gen. Cavaignac and staff. Artillery was freely used, but at night-fall the insurgents had gained both in strength and ground.

On Saturday, the National Assembly declared itself in permanent session.

The members of the Provisional Government resigned their several trusts, and the supreme power was vested in Gen. Cavaignac, who forthwith declared Paris to be in a state of siege.

The fighting lasted during the whole day, except a temporary cessation during a severe thunder storm. The night presented an awful scene—troops were pouring in from all the departments, and the conflict became desperate.

On Sunday, the President of the Assembly announced that after a frightful loss of life, the Government had succeeded in completely quelling the riot on

the left side of Paris, and that Gen. Cavaignac had given those on the right side until ten o'clock to surrender. Nevertheless the fighting continued all day, with fearful destruction of life.

On Monday, Gen. Lamoriciere arrived with reinforcements, when after ten hours of terrific and incessant slaughter, the troops were victorious, the insurgents being either slain, captured or scattered.

On Tuesday, all was comparatively quiet.

The archbishop of Paris, in endeavoring to restore order was shot, over 5,000 persons were taken prisoners, and a board of Commissioners has been appointed to try all those taken in arms. The insurgents, and especially the women, treated their prisoners with unexampled barbarity, cutting off their hands and feet, and torturing them in every conceivable manner. It is universally conceded that the Republic owes its salvation to the bravery and coolness of Gen. Lamoriciere. The troops all embraced him with shouts of "Vive la Republique!"

Several changes have taken place in the Ministry. Bastide takes charge of the Bureau of Military and Bedan of Foreign Affairs. Manne is recommended strongly for President. Admiral La Blance refused a seat in the new Ministry which was tendered to him.

Nearly all the prisoners taken had more or less gold about their person.

Assassinations frequently occur in the discontented quarters of the city, by poison and by secret murder. On the person of one of the insurgents was found written in pencil, a draft of the decree, which it was proposed to issue, had the insurrection been successful.

In Ireland, the armed movement continues unabated and thousands daily flock to the clubs. The Government has therefore been unable to devise any means of checking this. The league has not yet been formed, but the consummation of the plan is daily looked for. The physical force movement has been postponed until Autumn.

Quite a mistake. A dabbler in literature and the fine arts, who prided himself upon his knowledge and proper use of the English language, came upon a youngster sitting upon the bank of a mill-pond, angling for shiners, and thus addressed him:

"Adolescents, art thou not endeavoring to entice the finny tribe to engulf their denatured mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point is affixed a dainty allurement?"

"No," said the boy, "I am fishing."

Francisco—"We must be unanimous," observed Hancock on the occasion of signing the declaration of independence; "there must be no pulling different ways."

"Yes," observed Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

An expedition is to be fitted out from New York, to rescue Mitchell, the Irish patriot, from British oppression. Col. Ming has offered to take command of the enterprise.

"A man can't help what's done behind his back," as the loafer said, when kicked out of doors.

When you see a female rise early, get breakfast, and do up her mother's work in season, and then sit down to sew or knit, depend upon it she will make a good wife.

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